

In God's Army - Saint Ignatius Loyola



by Father Cyril Charles Martindale, S.J.

In God's Army - Saint Ignatius Loyola



by Father Cyril Charles Martindale, S.J.

Introductory

What is it that changes the world? Events? ideas? or men? Not mere inhuman events, certainly. An earthquake, even of Messina; a volcanic eruption, even of Mont Pelee; the sinking of a Titanic, do not jerk the globe off its axis. Doubtless the advent or recession of a Glacial Period; the depression of a continent below sea-level or its reappearance would alter history; but these processes are too gradual or too wholesale to be given, in its ordinary sense, the name "event." Therefore, not just the cannon-ball at the bygone siege, of which we shall have to tell, is, half-jestingly, to be offered as the cause of that tremendous influencing of the world's history we are to speak of, though it had its rebound from the battered wall never wounded Don Iñigo of Loyola, who can foresee his career!

Ideas, then? That is far nearer truth. It was the ideas set sailing down the wind by a Rousseau, for instance, which, far rather than any grinding tax or aristocratic privilege, settled maddeningly in men's brains, and bred the Revolution?

Yet, on the whole, it is a man who is wanted. The idea must, in our world of men, become incarnate. Rousseau's book was powerful; but, on the whole, the world is not converted just by books. The greatest converting force the world has seen is Christianity; but Christianity is Christ, not the Bible, nor even the New Testament. That collection of biography, annals, letters, and meditations was one inspired product of the great upheaval, but not its cause, or even its occasion. Therefore you want the Man, who, fired by the Idea, shall do the Thing. You want the Genius, the artist; and then you want the artificer, the laborious, efficient second-in-command to realize the conception. When these two are

combined, you get one of those very rare apparitions, the genuine Superman, in the only tolerable sense. For that "genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains" is of all epigrams the most direfully untrue. As a rule, to take pains, to move step by step, to be accurate, reasonable, and satisfactory from a business point of view, is exactly what a genius cannot be. He sees in a flash the solution of a mathematical problem, or the exact word or rhythm to use in a composition; but not by any sort of means can he explain to a plodding class of boys the steps leading to the solution, the rule accounting for the Tightness of the phrase or construction. Music spouts upward in his brain: he chafes if he be forced to write it down; though once it is on paper, behold! a masterpiece of which he, the Master, is free furiously to alter the score at the last moment. Poetry pours from his pen, and well after it is written he sees what it all means, and perhaps not even then, nor till his critics have pointed it out to him. Thus far, at least, in this working preferably by intuitions, his mind is feminine. If, however, there be added to this the masculine power of practical hard work (not that, by any means, women are incapable of most heroic drudgery; tenacity may almost be regarded as a feminine virtue), then, indeed, the world is his to do what he likes with. On the whole, men don't do more work than they need. The few colossal workers, even without genius, achieve much. For permanence is an almost Divine quality in an essentially shifting world, and the man who is always making is very nearly creating. But when, once more, the meteoric genius, with his flash and flame, does not disdain the doddiness of the glow-worm (I assume for the sake of the comparison that the glow-worm is not a lazy creature), when the man of vision is also a man of business, all things are his. Such, I wish to argue, was Iñigo of Loyola. I do not mean that he was unique, except in so far as each real genius, like Saint Thomas's angels, is a species in himself. Saint Benedict contained and liberated a force capable of

holding Europe together when by every human law she ought, with the Roman Empire, to have perished into fragmentary corruption. Saint Francis of Assisi poured into the world from his radiant soul a spirit of joyous love of God and of the world in God, so powerful that no one, however divorced in belief from that Troubadour of Christ, is insensible to it. Ignatius, too, founded a religious order, and that is much. He, too, rolled back, through his sons, the tide of anarchy in religion which was sweeping down from Germany: more hazardous enterprise, he sought to christen that Greek rebirth of learning which was glitteringly confronting the old austere religion. Herein Saint Thomas of Aquino, a giant of Thought, had shot whole worlds beyond him. Still, in the practical sphere, Ignatius undoubtedly here saw to the altering of the European currents. Without more talk, let us be sure that with men like Augustine, Hildebrand, or Bernard, Ignatius deserves to have his place, there to be studied even by the least loving unbeliever. To every Catholic his name ought to be significant and, perhaps, beloved.

Conversion - 1491-1534

"He holds on firmly to some thread of life . . .
Which runs across some vast distracting orb
Of glory on each side that meagre thread,
Which, conscious of, he must not enter yet
The spiritual life around the earthly life!
The law of that is known to him as this
His heart and brain move there, his feet stay here,
So is the man perplexed with impulses,
Sudden to start off crossways, not straight on,
Proclaiming what is Right and Wrong across
And not along this black thread thro the blaze."
- *An Epistle from Karshish*

I

Iñigo de Loyola was born in the year in which Columbus sailed on his world-transforming voyage. Embedded in the dull buildings of a college, made pompous by the unlucky façade of their rococo church, stands what remains of the ancient castle of Loyola. Between the little towns of Azpeitia and Azcoitia, in the Basque province of Guipuzcoa, the castle had already outlasted many long centuries, when in 1456 its tower of massive stone was, by royal command, half pulled down, to be rebuilt by Iñigo's grandfather with the burnt brick you see today. It had come to Lope de Oñaz, in the thirteenth century, with the heiress Inés de Loyola, and these families had gone from within its walls to accomplish their somewhat magnificent history. Heavily had this history left its mark upon the mind of Don Beltran Yanez de Oñaz y Loyola, whose wife Marina Saenz de Licona y Balda died, it would seem, soon after the birth of her thirteenth child, a boy christened Enico, or Iñigo, after a local Saint. To a pious

aunt was committed something of the child's first upbringing, but not to her was Don Beltran for entrusting his son's formation, and he was still a boy when he passed from the gloomy grandeur of the province to the Court of King Ferdinand, where his kinsman the Duke of Najera stood sponsor to him.

Iñigo lived there in a foreground of incomparable brilliance, while upon every horizon (save that Atlantic sky whither the westward-travelling sun of civilization was shooting forth new beams) brooded war-clouds already thunderous with cannon. Iñigo should, one day, hear more than their distinct echo. At present the learning of war was a schoolroom business and a game; he studied tactics with professors; he fenced daily and danced nightly; and as he grew, with swift Spanish adolescence, ladies laughed lightly towards the olive-skinned youth with his coal-black hair, not tall, but supple and very strong, who wrote them awkward love-lyrics illuminated in scarlet, gold, and blue by his own hand. But among the constellation of great Court dames she whom Iñigo chose as his star was "neither Countess nor Duchess," as he afterwards declared, "but loftier than either." To what royal dame did his vaulting ambition soar? To the Princess Katherine, daughter of the Queen-Dowager of Naples? To Germaine de Foix, a star-out-of-reach, the youthful wife of Ferdinand himself? Conjecture here is waste of time. Impertinent, too, were it to penetrate Ignatius's reserve as to his general behaviour at this period, to yield (as rival biographers have done) to the temptation of making him into a rake reformed, or a courtier- Saint from his cradle. Suffice it to say that later on Ignatius would sometimes put a nervous penitent, with much to confess, at his ease by relating to him his own past life. Now the frightened sinner would hardly have been much relieved by hearing that Ignatius had sometimes had distractions at his prayers....

Thus, by a period of flamboyantly fine clothes, of reading of romances, of daring feats of horsemanship and skill in the tourney, by much singing of love-sonnets to the guitar, was the real life prefaced - the life of soldiering, to which Iñigo, after all, supremely looked forward.

Where did he first fight? In Italy, perhaps, where two of his brothers fell, under Gonsalva de Cordova, who had married Najera's sister. Perhaps in Navarre, already at Pamplona, under Najera himself. Anecdotes are few: he was loved by his soldiers, he quieted their quarrels, and averted mutiny even in the field. Already his quelling personality is manifest. He was impetuous, but too proud to swear or lie. An insult struck him into instant flame; but the second impulse succoured him; he scorned to draw his sword too lightly. Brought up to a somewhat haughty submission to the proprieties of religion, and a yearly pilgrim as a boy to Compostella, he suffered no indecencies done to church or convent, and once held up a whole streetful of rabble till a priest whom they were molesting should escape.

In 1512 Ferdinand annexed Navarre and made Najera Viceroy. Four years later he died. Cardinal Ximenez, Regent for Charles V, in suppressing the immediate insurrection, razed the castles of Navarre, among them Xavier. Iñigo had work of his own. He stormed Najera in revolt, entered it brandishing his sword, and gallantly, or disdainfully, refused all share in loot. By 1521 Iñigo was stationed in the ill-fortified, ill-garrisoned town of Pamplona. The French allies, once more invading, bombarded it. The inhabitants, French in sympathy, and the commanding officers, undesirous to be massacred, were for surrender; Iñigo, for holding out. He recalled a classic precedent. Aeneas, goddess-born, destined founder of Rome - well, even he seemed to Iñigo contemptible, as he fled from doomed and blazing Troy. . . . The French march into the town, and prepare to assault the

citadel. The Commander, with Iñigo and two others, go forth to parley. The terms are humiliating. Iñigo spurns them, and carries the day. The Spaniards retire. Iñigo confesses to a fellow-officer, harangues the soldiery, takes his stand at the wall in the hottest of the fire. A cannon-ball dislodges a stone, which strikes his left leg; the ball itself, ricochetting, smashes his right. When he recovers consciousness, he is in the French camp, a prisoner, and Pamplona has fallen.

The French, courteous conquerors, set the bone, nursed him for a fortnight, and then freed their gallant foe unransomed. He presented to them his helmet, shield, and sword, and was carried to Loyola. The bone, ill-set, threatened a deformity. "Break it and reset it," ordered he. He clenched his hands, and took the torment silently. But fever fastened on him. Delirium racked him; he began to sink; the last Sacraments were administered. Thereupon a vision of Saint Peter visited him; he awoke refreshed, and wrote a poem in honour of his celestial physician. But, alas! the unskillful surgery had left the bone of the right leg protruding beneath the knee. Trunk-hose, such as Sir Willoughby Patterne should have worn, were a necessity to the array of a Spanish hidalgo. Iñigo could not imagine himself forbidden them. "Open the wound," he commanded the physicians, who warned him of worse sufferings than any he had yet borne. "Saw the bone off." The hideous operation was performed, Don Martin, his brother, aghast at this indomitable will which dictated these tortures rather than fail in fashion. Worse, for weeks an iron frame dragged at the shortened limb, in the hopes of at least diminishing the limp Iñigo never wholly lost.

Iñigo lay there, not chafing, for his own will had bound him to his rack. Yet the appalling heats of the midsummer told upon his nerves: solitude tried his resolution; he sought to stimulate the exhausted brain by tales of chivalry. He asked for a romance. We catch ourselves smiling when we hear

that a *Life of Christ* by a Carthusian, and some stories about the Saints, were all that the unlettered castle could offer the bored and feverish soldier. He grumbled, but he read. And lo! a challenge to his ambition. Long ago, Augustine, confronted by the legions of the chaste, boys and maidens, and grown men and women, heard that pertinacious questioning: "What these could do, cannot you?" To Iñigo it seemed confession of weakness when, reading the deeds of Francis or Dominic, he heard timid instinct whisper: "I never could do that!"

But from these troublesome alarms the accustomed brain would lapse back into its gallant reveries: his Lady's face smiled, provocative, a ray in the dark sick-chamber; for two, three, or four hours together she riveted his attention. He pictured their next meeting how it should be led up to; its sweet surprise; the clothes he would wear; the conversation which should follow, composed entirely of that secret code which he and his mistress had compiled together, a bafflement for the uninitiated. He brooded on new feats at the joust which should do homage to her. . . . But the reveries themselves were anxious; they left him still questioning, still distressedly conscious that across the accustomed harmony a new voice, dissonant yet comforting, was making itself heard.

Suddenly he yielded. Iñigo was converted. Watch him before we examine his strange case. Something has happened to this man which has altered him and his world. He will rise from bed, disguise himself, walk barefoot to Jerusalem. He inquires of the Carthusians at Burgos as to their mode of life. He watches the night out, praying. Mary dawns upon him, quenching the lesser light; he vows himself to her service, and the castle of Loyola is shaken to its foundations by the impotent rage of Satan. Meanwhile he copies some three hundred pages of holy sayings, and devoutly illustrates

them, and cannot cease talking of religious things. He lies for hours, gazing at what stars his tiny window shows. Convalescent, he decides to start for Jerusalem. He will go, he announces, on a visit to the Duke of Najera. His brother, nervous of this new unknown Ignatius, begs him not to forget he is a Loyola, nor disgrace the name. With two servants and another brother he visits his sister, "repays Our Lady's visit" at the Shrine of Aranzazu, calls on the Duke, and dismisses his companions.

Mounted on his mule (for one foot was still unhealed), he started for the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat. On the road occurred the immortal incident of the Moor. This traveller, unconverted by any edict, and talkative to imprudence, rode alongside of Ignatius, and disputed with him touching the virginity of Mary, his chosen Lady. Ignatius argued; the Moor, galled, spurred his steed and made off. In failing to avenge his Lady's honour with the dagger, had he not, Ignatius asked himself, played the recreant knight - proved himself no true gentleman? The scruple harassed him. . . . The road, he perceived, was about to branch. Tossing the reins on his mule's neck, he left it to the dumb beast's guidance, whether he should follow the broad path chosen by the Moor and slay him, or the narrow mountain track and let him go. The wise mule made upwards towards the shrine, and the errant knight was saved. On the way he bought a strange disguise; and lo! the gallant, but lately braving agony for the sake of shapely hose, equipped with black sackcloth to the ankle, girt with a hempen cord, his wounded foot shod with a sandle of plaited grass. Thus did he reach the huge monastery in its eyrie of the Jagged Rocks, and, in the loftiest cell, the Hermitage of the Good Thief, he made a general confession to its tenant which lasted three days. He details his intended way of life, and receives God's sanction. He gives his mule to the monastery, his rich clothes to a beggar. Himself he tells how, incited by

memories of the chivalrous romance *Amadis de Gaul*, he determined to do vigil, like old-time candidates for knighthood, before God's altar. He therefore, attired in sack-cloth, hempen-girdled, stood the long night of March 24-25, 1522, through before the shrine of his Royal Lady, and did vigil of the armour. Early on the Feast of the Annunciation, having hung up his sword and dagger at Mary's shrine, he left Montserrat, self-styled "the poor and nameless pilgrim."

II

Down through the woods he limps; a prior's widow meets him, and directs him to the Hospital of Santa Lucia, at Manresa. On the way an official from Montserrat overtakes him. Was it really true he had given his clothes to a beggar? (for the man had been arrested and interrogated), or had the miscreant robbed him? Ignatius, while exculpating him, sighed that not even in doing good could he help doing harm. He is housed in the hospital, tends the sick, prays by the seven-hours stretch in the great Manresa church, reads daily the Passion during Mass, for to pray he knows not how. At night the bare floor, with a stone or log for pillow; for food, black bread and water once a day. Hair-cloth teases his skin; a heavy iron chain, or a girdle of prickly leaves, chafes his loins. Unshorn, uncombed, with nails uncut, uncleaned, he is pursued by hooting boys, who call him "Father Sack." Four months he spends thus, surmounting his loathing for the squalid sick, and the fierce surge of wrath at insult. Near Manresa, facing Montserrat, was a bramble-choked cavern, some four feet broad by nine. Hereinto Ignatius crawled, and there abode in naked austerity. Upon the lyre of his soul plays every wind of God. Buoyant exultation has hitherto possessed him. Now, as he enters, exhausted, the church where he hears Mass, a chill foreboding seizes him. "How shall I stand this life for forty years?" He resists; desolation

and exultation sweep over him in waves; it is "putting one garment off and another on." "What," he asks himself, aghast, "is this unheard-of life I have entered upon?" He swoons, is tended by pious women, is lodged in a convent. Vainglory leaps upon him. By all this, he must surely long ago have merited his Paradise? Back swings the pendulum. Is he sure even *one* sin has been properly repented of? The period of general confessions must be passed through by this scruple-tortured, ill-directed soul. Prayer suffocates him; Communion goads to madness. "As for me," he cries, despairing of any relief in God or man, "if I had to go after a dog's whelp and take my cure from him, I would do it." In the convent a deep pit gaped. It summoned him insistently: suicide was the one way out of it. He vows not to eat or drink till his temptations shall be conquered. After a week, empty of food, bloody with penance, he is refused absolution by his confessor if he will not eat. Yet a few days and peace returns.

Peace, and with it revelation. As to Saint Paul, in whose church he was praying, after the catalogue of persecutions (never wholly to be closed) comes the period of celestial apocalypse. Still from time to time the growl of distant thunders is to be heard; but the sky, cleared now of its clouds and washed with heavy rain, shines serene and beyond its wont refulgent. The spiritual experience of sixty-two years, he said afterwards, could not altogether equal what he then saw. The plan and order observed by God in the creation of the world; the manner of the Incarnation of the Word, and of the Presence of Christ in the Eucharist; the Humanity of Christ, the essential mystery of the Trinity - all this he "sees," and, in intelligence of his faith, feels himself another man. As for the "manner" of his seeing, it was interior wholly. As for the symbols under which he saw what he saw, they were inexplicable in words, because they had nothing to do with thought. They were an immediate spiritual perception, so much so that the Sacred Humanity

itself was perceived by him spiritually, not in time nor space, "without distinction of member, joint, or limb." Pharaoh's magicians, by lying miracles, imitated the wonders worked by Moses. Something that was not God - vexed brain and nerves, or malicious spiritual influences - mimicked grotesquely the diviner revelation. A spiral of light, coiling and uncoiling, starred with focussed fires - a "serpent," he pathetically writes, "which was no serpent," spotted with "eyes which were not eyes" - writhed hypnotically in his brain. The cool brilliance drugged sensation and soothed him, but his conscience was against it, he would strike out with his stick, and the illusion went like smoke.

He looks beyond himself. Some of his experiences - scruples, visions, methods of choice and prayer - he notes down for his own and others use. These will form the *Exercises*. He dreams of a return to the world, to warfare, but for Christ this time - to a crusading company, a novel army, in which he, with equal comrades, shall fight for the supremest Captain. This conception of a Kingdom of Christ puts the last match to the latent trains of thought disposed in Ignatius's soul. He falls into trance, and lies, on the old brick pavement you now see under glass, unconscious for a week. Recovering, he can but exclaim, "O Jesus! Jesus!" Later, when argued with about some point of his rule or institute, he would burke discussion by the final words, "Thus I saw it at Manresa." Already, devout women gather round him; they pray, copy him in his constant reading of the Gospels, shock opinion by communicating once a week; get nicknamed "las Iñightsitas." He preaches, mingles with all classes, sits hearing them and asking them questions. So vivid is his immediate perception of God that he will declare that one hour's mental prayer can teach him more than all the doctors of the Church could do - that were all Scripture and all human testimony to the Faith to perish, the evidence of his personal experience would suffice for him to welcome martyrdom. Meanwhile, in

all Manresa and Barcelona, he declares, not one person spiritual enough to help him could he find save one old woman, whose words, "Oh, that Christ our Lord would one day appear to you!" first, perhaps, lifted him from the plane of material things to that of the spiritual. Assuredly, great sanctity will be this man's if he be humble; else, great heresy. In either case, how unerringly, from afar, is the shadow of the Inquisition falling upon his life!

Let us pause a moment before leaving this enchanted world of hermits and caves and trances; of mysterious ladies and illuminated missals; of Satanic earthquake shocks; these fevered imaginings of suicide, predestination, with their dramatic background of Montserrat, savagely jagged against the Spanish sky. Let who will trace in this strange story of conversion a phenomenon of nervous shock, the ghastly fruit of a sick-bed tortured by cruel medicine into madness; of "suggestion" emanating from one or two pious books perused in the twilit castle. Let him, then, explain how from this period, externally so fantastic and remote from us, emerges a man, changed utterly and throughout, destined to a long life of unremitting, calculated, logical self-discipline; of slow, careful, selective self-extension; of a formative, creative power; capable of dealing with men; of marshalling and captaining an army unique in history, and destined to out-last centuries. Not mythical is the tale of his earlier efforts; not madness is their explanation.

Alone in the world, the Catholic Church believes in and proclaims, in every department of life, the existence of the supernatural. The intellectual life, her philosophy teaches, is as real as that of the senses, though not to be grasped by mere unaided sense. Similarly, a supernatural life exists, as her dogma declares and her theology narrates, which is as real as the intellectual, though never to be grasped adequately by the intellect. In all baptized Christians this

life is infused at baptism. The mysterious Fact is in them, latent, possibly dormant, as intelligence lies hidden in the child. In some this life expires; in others it flickers, sinks, and flares, like the thoughts of the half-witted. In some it bursts its way out explosively, a spiritual Vesuvius or Stromboli. In all the awakening of the intellectual life is, save when the guidance has been gradual and exquisitely tactful, accompanied by some shock and jar. Often it is a pathological comedy to watch one, unaccustomed to thought, in travail with an idea that struggles to be born, and somehow is not viable. Let it but succeed, and his delight with this his offspring is delirious. He catches it up, nurses it, dreams about it, and thinks no idea has ever yet been its equal. A practical man, in possession of one such dominant and new idea, may very well run amok with it and do untold harm. All his perspective and plan of life is suddenly and violently changed. The existent seems crooked and awry. By it he reinterprets all things. There is a Futurist painting called, I think, "Revolt," really not insignificant in its symbolism. The rebel battalions, fiery-red, impinge on dull-hued horses, vulgar, four-square, conventional, row on row. But, behold! the rows of houses seem tilted, conceived of on another plane, needing a twisting of the eye and mind to get them "right." For to the rebel they are *not* right. They are not merely *weaker* than himself, uglier than himself, yet, in the ultimate issue, of one nature with him self; but they are essentially other - almost in a different "dimension," impossible of correlation, as they stand, with his spiritual processes. A boy will tell you, and your own distant memories may remind you, and an optician might explain it, that should you stoop - on the cricket-field, for instance - and peer backwards between your knees, the well-known view will look, not merely upside down, but odd somehow, uncanny, not to be dealt with as of yore. Absurd examples, if you will, but somewhat of an illustration of that dislocation of one's customary view, that more than mere *addition*

which comes to it when a new, dominant idea swims into the brain, or (still more) when the whole intellectual life bursts into being. All action is erratic, ill-managed, dishearteningly "out." You have to *learn to see*, even as a blind man must, to whom sight, suddenly given, teaches nothing about distances, solidity, or relativity.

What, then, when the supernatural life is suddenly born, or reborn, or leaps into maturity? When a man, from having been blind, deaf, dumb, and paralyzed, has to learn to see and judge, to walk, to understand a language wholly new, and to speak out his experiences in a language utterly old, and all at once? No wonder he fumbles, trips, utters ludicrous outcries, misjudges amounts, distances, weights; imagines, now, that he has conquered everything, now, that he is for ever incapable of anything. What wonder if, to the others, he seem mad? So to his own self he seems, and the madder, according to the perfection of his ability to deal with life on the old transcended plane. Or, if in his new world he seem sane to himself, then will his old life, and the actual life of his unconverted fellows, seem mad, and he will cry aloud to them to come away and save their souls. The one thing he cannot do is to multiply the new into the old, to synthesize, to take an inclusive vision of a whole. His world is at war; existence clashes within itself. Let us, then, bravely say that he who takes the Catholic interpretation of Iñigo's experience is utterly at ease. Nothing disconcerts him - neither the present, when he watches Iñigo at his odd spiritual pranks, such a fool for Christ; nor the future, when Ignatius will be so rational, so resolute, so efficient, so spiritually worldly wise. He has no obligation whatever to assert that all the actions, moods, and ideals of Iñigo in the first hours of his conversion are proportionate and absolutely satisfactory; nor any temptation at all to yield to the rationalist suggestion that they are the product of a *merely* sick and unbalanced brain, and of a nervous system tortured

into hysteria. God is gradually fulfilling Himself in a human creature: later on, the exquisite adaptation of grace to nature will be manifest. At first it is a fight, and, for the time being, whatever fights is spoilt.

III

I count as "conversion period" everything up to Iñigo's definite inception of his Society, which, after one or two false starts, occurred in 1534. Up to then he was still finding himself; at best, establishing and perfecting what he had found.

After ten months at Manresa, he left it on his pilgrimage. "Father Sack" began to consult propriety. He cut his hair, trimmed his beard, and cleaned his nails. He changed horsehair gown for cloth coat, and wore a hat and shoes, and so started for Barcelona. Was this a slackening off - tepidity? Dare we surmise that to the fiery hidalgo respectability was worse than rags? There is a romance of mendicancy; all extremes have the aristocratic value of sheer extremity. A host of dingy adjectives begin now to be applicable to Iñigo and take the sting out of his personality. But just as his high-breeding relentlessly pierced through, even in his most ragged days, so now in his hour of decent middle-classism, "often the man's soul springs into his face. As if he saw again and heard again His sage that bade him Rise, and he did rise." Iñez Pascual had speeded him from Manresa; Canon Antonio Pujol, her brother, accompanied him; Isabel Roser, suddenly conscious of all Heaven in his eyes, as he sat among children on an altar's step, welcomes and mothers him. Alternately snubbed and worshipped, always begging his way, by boat and on foot, with many quaint adventures, he reaches Rome; Adrian VI gives him his pilgrim's licence; with difficulty (for his grey, haggard face suggests that he is plague-stricken) he reaches Venice, and

thence, storm-tossed, fever-racked, almost marooned for his denunciation of his shipmates immoralities, he reaches the Holy City, intending to dwell there by the Sepulchre, converting Jews and Turks and hereticks. Precisely! All sorts of political rules exist for maintaining peace; but Iñigo will never observe the regulations. Diplomacy forbids his stay. Scarcely has he written ecstatic, detailed letters home to Inez, when the Franciscan provincial sorrowfully orders the firebrand to depart. Iñigo obeys, first, though, with his incurable Spanish realism, visiting Mount Olivet to see the print of Christ's ascending feet left on the rock; he bribes the Turkish sentinel with a penknife for this privilege. Departing, he remembers he failed to note the way the feet had pointed; scissors are his toll this time, but the friars get rid of the spellbound pilgrim with a stick.

Back, then, by way of Venice, to Spain. But, as he read one day in the Gospel, "And they understood none of these things," he realized suddenly that for his apostolate learning, education (in short) was necessary, and he knew himself uneducated. He had been able to hold his own in Court and camp; he could speak of love and of war, and could persuade. Which, then, of his new experiences had taught him that, as things stood, no unaccredited "hot gospeller" could hope to win credence in the things of the spirit? That the day for non-graduate apostles was over? That a modern Paul must, like the first, have sat at the feet of his compatriot professors? Or what subconsciously accumulated conviction did the chance sentence from the Gospel thrust to the surface? To speculate is idle: observe his action.

He reaches Barcelona; Isabel Roser assists him; Iñez Pascual boards him in her house, in part cotton-factory; Canon Antonio Pujol gives him the run of his library; a schoolmaster offers to teach him Latin gratuitously. All this, that the

converted soldier might acquire an art he was never cut out for. His memory had never been used for declensions, and could not keep them. His intelligence was practical, and had no use for future participles and the sequence of tenses. Yet the grown man, the irascible soldier, the fastidious, punctilious patrician, sat on benches with little boys, and stood up to answer, and could not answer, and saw himself go down bottom, and took it all in good part for Christ, for whose sake he laboriously acquired a stiff-jointed and Spanish but far from ineffectual Latin. Remorselessly logical in all he did, he rigorously repelled the pious thoughts and feelings which invaded him when at his books. He begged the schoolmaster to flog him publicly before the boys if he caught him not attending. Thereupon the heavenly distraction ceased. Not that he suspended his direct work for souls. A characteristic incident stands out. A certain Barcelona convent, called *Of the Angels* (as men, with a wry smile, recalled), had reached the lowest limit in laxity. Iñigo went there and prayed; returned, prayed longer, and preached. The nuns altered their way of life. Twice their furious lovers attack their new evangelist, but he escapes. A third time two Moorish slaves are set on him and Pujol; the Canon, poor old man, dies from the blows; Iñigo, one pulp of bruises, lies for a month despaired of. The Last Sacraments cure him. He rises, and makes straight back to the Convent of the Angels. On his way his chiefest enemy meets him - converted, too; he implores pardon, weeping bitterly.

After two years Iñigo is pronounced competent; he removes, for higher studies, to Cardinal Ximenez's University of Alcalá.

At Alcalá Iñigo suddenly perceived that life was short, and that art had best be shortened too. He therefore settled on doing everything at once - logic, physics, and theology. His day was one mosaic of lectures, and in consequence he

learnt nothing whatever. He filled his head with a soup of information, and grew muddled and disgusted. Had he been a clever youth, his farrago of jumbled facts and formulae would have been ostentatiously and exasperatingly made traffic of; but the slightly disillusioned modesty of middle age being his, he was just dissatisfied, and gave himself the readier to spiritual work. His success was astounding; young men grouped themselves about him; some even imitated him in his poverty and penitential life, and copied his grey serge cassock. Weekly Communion put the crown to what was becoming a clear scandal. Ignatius was frankly held to be a sorcerer by the people, a heretic by the authorities.

Rumour and denunciation (and which is the more mischievous?) reaches the Inquisition at Toledo. Luther is in Germany: the "Enlightened" have been worrying Seville and Cadiz. Secret informations are taken. Ignatius and his disciples are pronounced innocent, only they must not dress alike, nor go barefoot. Ignatius and his friends dye their cassocks and buy shoes. Next, a lady is seen, while talking of religion with him, to remove, for the moment, her mantilla. Forthwith, gossip. It is decided, however, that that need prove nothing against Ignatius's morals. However, two other ladies settle on a kind of life pilgrimage from one hospital to another. Ignatius disapproves of feminine vagrants, however pious. Still, they start. Their guardian is furious, and appeals to Figueroa, Grand Vicar of the Archbishop of Toledo, who had already tried the Saint. Ignatius was arrested, and, for the time, pleasantly lodged in an Inquisition cell, where he continued his instruction to crowds of learned and distinguished persons. After a considerable time Figueroa, who behaved throughout with a certain grave charm of dignity, assured Ignatius of his personal satisfaction that the Saint's intentions were innocent. "I should have been better pleased, though, had you avoided all novelty in your discourse." "I should not

have thought," he replied, with dangerous meekness, "that it was a novelty to speak of Christ to Christians." The final sentence was that his life and doctrine were without reproach; but that, for sound reasons, he and his associates were to dress as ordinary students, and to hold no conferences, public or private, till they had finished their theology - that is, for four years.

Ignatius felt that life in this condition at Alcala would be intolerable. He would migrate to Salamanca, first putting the whole case, however, before the Archbishop of Toledo, who approved, though owning he could not get the sentence rescinded unless Ignatius lodged a formal appeal, which he tactfully refused to do. Nothing annoys a subordinate official so much as to be appealed against, and made to withdraw his censure, and no one is so likely to suffer as the newly whitewashed victim.

Alas! not a fortnight had passed at Salamanca before the authorities grew anxious. His Confessor told Ignatius it "would be well" if he dined next Sunday at the Dominican Convent. He went with a disciple, Calixto. Why was the lanky Calixto so oddly dressed? (His hat was too large, his tunic too short, his boots too small.) Well, he had been made to abandon his cassock; and as for his student's clothes, he had given them away to a priest who needed them more than he did. These he had got from charity. The Sub-Prior approved highly; he had heard marvels about their holy life and apostolic work. What had been their studies? Nothing wonderful, Ignatius admitted. Why, then, did he preach? He did not. He just talked, like this after dinner, for instance - about Divine things. Aha! what Divine things? Virtues and vices. But to speak properly of virtues and vices, you must have been taught either by a theological professor or by the Holy Spirit. But not by a theological professor, therefore . . . ? "It were better," the impaled Ignatius answered, "to talk no

more about this." The priest insisted, threatening him with the suspected name "Erasmus." Ignatius said he would answer an authorized Superior. "We will soon make you tell," said the Sub-Prior. The doors were locked; the men were captives; but to their cells the friars came flocking. A division arose, some saying, "Lo, the Spirit!" others, "Let them be properly examined." Soon they were officially imprisoned, a new Paul and Silas, chained by one chain to a pillar. Their papers were given over to the Grand Vicar Frias, and in particular the Spiritual Exercises. Long formalities were observed: Ignatius made modest and sufficient answers to their catechism. Bidden to discourse, as he used, upon the First Commandment, he melted his judges themselves, whose hearts beat true beneath their plate-armour of ecclesiasticism, by his burning words upon the Love of God. At last declared innocent in life and doctrine, he was yet forbidden to define the distinction between mortal and venial sin (the only theological point over which he had really had to fight), "till he had finished his theology." He could not accept the injunction interiorly, though outside obedience he well might render. His chivalrous sense of loyalty dictated this to be insufficient. Despite the kindly entreaties of Frias, he determined to leave for Paris. His companions did not follow him, and he left, as he came, alone.

For completeness sake, let me anticipate, and finish with these incidents of Inquisitorial susceptibility. At Paris, Ignatius begins all over again, having so far mastered nothing. In the College of Montaigu he starts from the very bottom. Three disciples soon declare themselves, sell all, and follow Ignatius. The conventional are shocked: he is denounced to Ori, Grand Inquisitor at Paris, as sorcerer, ensnarer of youth, and runaway. Ignatius, away, as a matter of fact, at Rouen, exacts signed and sealed certificates, touching for his instant return, the moment his summons

reached him. Still travel-stained, he invades Ori, and begs for speedy trial. All this, to prove he is no runaway. Ori yields at once: Ignatius shall be held innocent. However, his disciples desert him; he determines to avoid proselytism till degrees shall have been taken; friends congratulate him: how wise he is to keep quiet! *Surtout, point de zèle*. Still, he could not help himself. Spiritually he was a magnet. On Sundays philosophical disputes were abandoned for prayer, the Scriptures, and the Sacraments. Peña, lecturer in philosophy at Ste. Bar be, complains. Gouvea, the Rector, resolves publicly to flog Ignatius, according to a rule relating to disorderly students. Stripped to the waist, a rebel ran between two double rows of professors, who struck him with rods, amid the jeers of assembled students. Ignatius, warned of this, felt his blood boil. For himself, his one principle was self-conquest. "Ass!" he cried. "It is vain to kick against the pricks. On, or I will drag thee thither." Amazing reduplication of the Personality! Here, indeed, is the innermost "I" as Dictator, issuing its edicts to what it calls "*my* body," "*my* intelligence," "*my* choice," and the endless series is begun, wherein "I" will that "I" should will. . . .

The psychic victory once scored, he can dare to reflect upon his comrades. In his disgrace they, too, would be involved; in his shame, but not his strength, they would participate. They must be spared. He asks to see the furious Gouvea, and is admitted. What passed in that interview, who knows? But from it Rector and scholar came out, hand in hand, the Rector weeping, Ignatius quietly triumphant. There were no rods, but the homage paid, before an astounded College, gathered for the sport of seeing Ignatius flogged, to that very Ignatius by his kneeling superior. His studies ran thenceforward their smooth course. In 1533 he was licentiate; in 1534, Master of Arts. Accused, however, once more, before leaving Paris, he extracted from his Inquisitor Laurent a written attestation of his orthodoxy and of that of

the Spiritual Exercises. A similar attestation he obtained in 1537 from Veralli, Nuncio at Venice, where next his ardent "gospelling" won him denunciation. The worst attack came in Rome itself, which in 1538 Ignatius and his comrades were transforming. The Pope, his staunch supporter, was away. Fra Agostino, an Augustinian Friar, was what we should call a Modernist. Into sermons of much simplicity and devotion he gradually insinuated Lutheran ideals. Salmeron and Laynez, the two best theologians of Ignatius's band, tried privately to set things right. It went on from this to rival pulpits, each denouncing the other. Agostino took the wind from the Jesuits sails by being the first publicly to make the accusation of heresy. Ignatius had escaped death only by flying from Salamanca, Paris, and Venice, each of which places had condemned him. Witnesses were called: Ignatius was accused before the Governor of Rome. Disciples began to leave him; fellow-workers escaped. Cardinal de Cupis, head of the Sacred College, declared himself to have proof of the Jesuits utter wickedness: all seeming virtues in them were hypocrisy; all seemingly good work done, witchcraft. Ignatius called on De Cupis, as he did on Gouvea. The visit lasts two hours. The Cardinal comes out, conquered, and gives bread and wine to Ignatius and his men for the rest of his life. Ignatius carries the war into the enemy's country. He goes to the Governor and demands a trial. The case against him breaks down. He demands formal judgment and sealed sentence. The authorities are reluctant to commit themselves. Agostino offers publicly to recant. Ignatius insists. Here happens a triple and downright melodramatic coincidence. Figueroa, who had imprisoned and acquitted him at Alcala; Ori, who had done the same at Paris; the Vicar-General, who had done the same at Venice, were all, by a disposition of events in which we seem to catch the smile of Providence itself, in Rome. Each came forward and gave that precise and personal witness, unobtainable by

mere message, which proved Ignatius's innocence and the triple charge alleged against him.

Armed to the teeth with certificates of orthodoxy, Ignatius can henceforward move in peace as to this point.

I have mentioned this series of instances less because they were characteristic of the period than because they formed the man. From being a portent of unconventionally, Ignatius became a monument of circumspection. If we stand back, as it were, and look first at the raw convert, dashing himself against quick-set hedges of rule, custom, and tradition, deliberately defying the laws of health and society, and borne along, despite himself, upon the impetuous wings of the mingled spirits who possessed him, then at this grave ecclesiastic, measured, reposeful, established at Rome, and governing his world-wide institution from his desk, we perceive a difference so enormous that we are inclined to disbelieve it possible. Yet even in ordinary men the gulf between middle age and tempestuous youth is often vast enough; and how far less attractive, may be, is the barge moored in the dull lagoons than - may I say? - the brave little motor-boat, thrusting its way through a rain of crystals between blue and blue. In general, how far pleasanter a thing is unconscious, often devious, dash than reasoned rectitude of progress! Well, we may learn to alter our ideals even of what is pleasant to the eye, charming to the fancy; and, above all, we may console ourselves with the utter certainty that never to the end did Ignatius abate one jot of what, at this point, we feel bound to call his sporting spirit. The fact remains that to the incidents related above Ignatius owed an immense reordering of behaviour, which directly affected his legislation for his sons and their whole history. Order, moderation, sobriety, the dully golden mean, enter now as elements into the Ignatian outlook.

(Yet a whole chapter will have to be written in which his military spirit of dash and enterprise will be a main *motif*. After all, even in the warfare of actual armies, it is asked of the General rather that he keep his head in safety than that he personally lead the charge, brandishing swords and shouting! . . .)

But a far deeper consideration is here in place. Again and again at this early period Ignatius must have felt himself suppressed and wasted. Here was a terrific work to be done: here was he, terrifically ready to do it: nothing scared him, nothing could stand up against him - nothing, that is, which was honest, spontaneous, human, and alive. Only against this Chinese Wall of formalism he dashed himself unavailingly. Certainly, of all horrible things, waste is the most horrible to behold. Any waste of beauty, of sheer reality, is wicked: waste of life is sacrilege: of human life is an offence which cries, ever since Abel's blood, to God. Again and again one has seen it, and prayed never to share the responsibility for the spilling of lives upon the ungrateful ground. In fact, all human history, in our clumsy managing of it, seems to be built of waste. Contemporary society includes such wasted lives - I do not mean by idleness, nor yet by lust, nor yet predominantly the lives of those hundreds of thousands of units, uneducated, undeveloped, starved in body and brain, affection and ideal; but by the sheer working of the most characteristic instruments of civilization: Army, Civil Service, Universities. Overlapping, ill-adjustment, red tape, above all, cruel lack of imagination, even more than the franker vices of jealousy, sloth, and avarice, are responsible, alas! for what sheer waste.

Now, it is legitimate and, in fact, easy to argue that in Ignatius's case neither time nor possible work nor human character was wasted. Sooner or later Ignatius would have been bound to organize and alter the unconsidered

excursions of his earlier days for serious strategics. Moreover, facts must be accepted. There, in his world, existed these authorities, lay and especially ecclesiastical, and especially, too, in Spain. There was no getting beyond them, even were it desirable to attempt such a course, which it was clearly not. Such work as can be done must always be done *in some measure*, so as to chime, not clash, with actual conditions. The very rigidity of his environment will, in the end, make Ignatius infinitely adaptable. Then the man was true metal throughout. In a flawed character, opposition, and cabining of the sort he experienced, may bring about revolt, perverse selfish effort that is, rebellion, isolation, and that individualism which is heresy, moral and intellectual, and doomed. In a temperament disproportionately alloyed with the base, sourness, sulkiness, and retiring into its shell, a deliberate and complete non-exercise of powers which are not allowed to be fully exercised, nor as self would choose, will follow. In a constitution too shudderingly strung, a sympathy too vibrant, real death may follow on the repression of all life's spontaneous manifestations. It is a flood of light on what Ignatius really was when we recall that in his case not one of these disasters happened.

And therefore it may be said that in the soul's life alone there never need be waste. The martyrdom through which a man may pass, the strain upon his faith and his hope, the onslaught on his charity, may be appalling. Very likely to the chafing soul of Ignatius the experience was cruel; but in the soul nothing need die. For all eternity the spirit of Ignatius is the more developed, more rich, more intercessory, powerful, and praiseful, for the virtuous, ill-judged, yet, perhaps, quite justified, attempts of men to crush him. And not this, not even this, is the worst of martyrdoms for a Saint. Perhaps, if only because Ignatius was not yet a Saint, fully enlightened and established, were these experiences so hard; but

because he was destined to be a Saint and not a failure,
their very hardness could be trusted to be formative.

Commander-in-Chief

"Holy Father, I hold the other Orders in the army of the Church Militant to be as so many squadrons of cuirassiers, who are to stand fast in the post assigned to them, keep their ranks, and face the enemy, always in the same line, and with the same manner of fighting. But we are as so many light horsemen, who must always be ready, night or day, against the hap of alarms and surprises, to assault or support, as it may chance, to go everywhere and skirmish on all sides." - *Saint Ignatius*

To most observers, I imagine, achievement is far less interesting than effort; arrival, than process; action, than motive. It is the latent, the obscure, the changing and growing, the causative, which fascinates one; not the static, net result. Of course, in human history no result ever is static and net altogether, but passes on into something further, which it may partially cause. Else it is in a true sense meaningless because it does no work; and work is the only proof of life: and what does not live has no claim upon our attention (except, of course, in so far as it *ought* to live, and for some mysterious reason does not; or, as it interferes with life, and becomes, therefore, an active centre of dissipation, corruption, and death). Therefore the various things Ignatius did are of little interest and even importance compared to why he did them, which means, compared to what he interiorly was (and this we have to some measure considered), unless his action be regarded as creative of his Society, and continued into it and still energetic today. But that would mean a history, or at least a study, of that Society, which is not aimed at here. To some extent, however, his further actions go on revealing the man, who is

what we are after, and therefore this chapter need not, out of respect for psychological ideals, be omitted.

When Ignatius went to Paris he did a double action. He emancipated himself from Spain, where it may be doubted whether his destined work could ever have been begun. One remembers the history of other Spanish Saints - Peter of Alcantara, John of the Cross - and the direction followed by them, whether in speculative or in practical creative work, and sees that what Ignatius did, so unconventional was it (even now) to be, could never have been satisfactorily started there. Started, in a sense, it was, and more than once; and each time the tender little germ of life was nipped and perished. Strong already with a certain amount of growth carrying it beyond its in fancy, shielded by personal approbation of Sovereign Pontiffs, and thriving at Rome, it then could bear transplanting to, and might flourish in, Spanish soil. On the other hand, in Paris he found a centre not only unique in its history and actual reputation, but instinct with the pulse of life and thronged with vital personalities. Who had not gone to Paris was deemed half educated. Who came thence had his position already half assured. Paris was a world in itself, but a world in the throes of a re-birth; and its benefits just now were wooed with much accompanying danger. Still, on the whole, it was impossible not to go to Paris.

There, in rather second-rate Montaigu, Ignatius studied, hampered by excessive poverty. His small moneys had been stolen by a friend: he spent his vacations begging - in Flanders twice, then England. As we saw, his first influence over youth was on the whole disturbing. He "unsettled" them; their fervour was a nuisance, fanatical, destructive. The truth is Ignatius was not even yet wholly at unity within himself. His methods still were violent. He nurses a case of plague: imagines he feels a pain in his hand; believes

himself infected; is tempted to shirk. He thrusts his fingers into his mouth: "If you have it in your hand," he says savagely to himself, "you shall have it in your mouth also."

A special satisfaction may be derived from observing that Ignatius's first two genuine triumphs were over temperaments utterly opposed. To Saint Francis Xavier - that secretive, subtle soul, entrenched behind rampart after rampart of fastidious refinement and literary brilliancy; athletic, popular, and versatile - some separate pages will be given. Peter Favre, the other, required to be developed, "realized," revealed. He was as brilliant as, or more so, than Xavier, but diffident to a degree. A pious parish priest in the diocese of Geneva had taught the peasant boy his rudiments of classics. A Carthusian kinsman persuaded the lad's reluctant and timid father to send his clever son to Paris, rather as Xavier's aunt, the Poor Clare, got leave for her extravagant young nephew to remain there. Favre read philosophy with Ignatius, patiently waiting upon the older man's slow assimilation of new forms of thought. In return, Ignatius taught his naive professor how to conquer his pathetic wish to eat better food, his harmless vanity in his successes, his austere judgments upon the faults of others, and the dark rebellions (the more tragic for his high instincts) which he felt within himself. As for Favre, no one minded what he did, nor resented his worship of Ignatius. But Xavier's valet Miguel, angry to see his lucrative worldling "converted," climbed to Ignatius's window, knife ready, to assassinate him. Sudden panic caught him, and for the time stayed his malice.

Others gathered round Ignatius: Laynez of Castille, and the brilliant boy, Salmeron of Toledo, came from Alcalà - they had heard of Ignatius's doings in Paris, and had pursued him. and, by a graceful act of Providence, met him the very moment they dismounted there; Bobadilla, a somewhat

daringly original young man (Moorish in descent?) from Leon; Simon Rodriguez, aristocratic, graceful, talented, rather dreamy and imaginative's "Carmelite" (he has been called) almost more than Jesuit, riveting to himself the adoring souls of youths, and haloed from boyhood by the conviction of his friends that he was to do strange and notable things. Perhaps not one of these first companions, save Favre and Xavier, will fail to cause trouble to Ignatius. But though he did not, naturally, want his men to mutiny, he preferred, undoubtedly, the temperament which had in it the passion requisite for revolt to the anemic soul which just collapses into doing what it is told; and certainly he explicitly declared that they were likely to do best in his Company who would presumably have done best in the world and at worldly things. Almost more striking than any success was Ignatius's failure with Nadal, a man from Majorca. At once he saw that Nadal was made for him. He laid deliberate siege to him, but he would not yield, Nadal took out a New Testament and waved it in Ignatius's face. "When you have anything better than that to offer me," said he, "I'll come." The Saint sighed and waited. Ten years afterwards, Nadal rather sensationally became the Jesuit he had so obstinately refused to be at the bidding of Ignatius. So little had Ignatius been mistaken in his man, and so clearly did Nadal come to realize that Ignatius's ideal was but the New Testament put into logical practice.

Each separately, these men promised Ignatius their lives should be spent under his guidance and for his ideal, each believing himself to be alone. One day he makes them known to one another, and each, to his amazement, discovers he has met and loves the others, yet never has suspected this, their common goal. For a while they pray, study, and work side by side; on August 15, 1534, they make their vows at Mont martre, beside Ignatius, at the feet of Favre saying Mass. They fix a rendezvous in Venice for

January 25, 1537; meanwhile they are to complete their studies.

Ignatius revisited Spain, partly to wind up his affairs there and explain his projects to his family; chiefly, it appears, for his health's sake, which had suffered from his Manresan austerities, renewed in Paris.

To the usual accompaniment of Mediterranean storms and precipitous perils in the Apennines he reached Bologna, slipping in the flooded roads and falling into its moat. Bloody, slimy, soaked, the future Commander-in-Chief made his entry into the town, followed by a troop of yelling street boys. At Venice he wins three more companions, of whom one will become his confessor.

Meanwhile the Companions from Paris were accomplishing their rough and dangerous journey through a Europe equally devastated by war and a bloodthirsty heresy. Arrested once by French soldiery, this travel-sordid group was delivered by the naive expostulation of a peasant. "Let them pass," he cried in patois; "they re off to reform some country or other. 'I vont à réformer quoque pays!'" In which brief patois phrase is a dose of comedy, pathos, or sublimity, according to what you suppose his perspective to have been, but vast enough, in any case! They reached Venice in January, 1537, and remained there with Ignatius till mid-Lent. He then despatches them to Rome, whither he will not go himself, fearing some Herod in the person of his old enemy Ortiz, and Cardinal Caraffa, whose new Order he had refused to join. Ortiz, however, himself presented them to Paul III, and a large assembly examined them before the Pope, gentle in his methods against heretics, but eager for reform. They returned with his full approbation, permission for the laymen to be ordained, and a gift of money. Still unorganized - each member in turn was Superior for a week - the little band

evangelizes Venetia. Rodriguez, still terrified by two slightly comic misadventures to which, as he journeyed, his demure charm rendered him particularly exposed, and fascinated by a hermit who had housed him, fell, first sick, then melancholic, and determined to give up missioning for solitude. He starts back to his hermit, when a man with a drawn sword bars his path. The new Balaam advances; so does his mysterious enemy; Rodriguez turns tail and flies; at the house-door Ignatius meets him, understanding his impressionable companion through and through, and, arms outstretched, he welcomes him, crying: "Why didst thou doubt, thou of little faith?" The mission recommenced, the Companions standing on tables in market-places, waving their big caps, shouting their bad Italian, and being taken for foreign mountebanks or *jongleurs*. But the Spirit is irresistible, and breathes, as the wind blows, where He wills. Fire went forth from their souls, and renewed the love of so many which had grown cold.

And now, on a sudden, Ignatius emerges as a man of wide design and masterful mind. He will go to Rome with Favre and Laynez. Rome is headquarters; he will insure stable relations with the Pope. The rest he flings abroad, by twos, into University towns - Bologna, Ferrara, Siena, and Padua. He gives rules simple enough, and nothing new - still, the articulation is complete. Each will be Superior for a week in turn; they will preach in squares, extempore; they must catechize children and sleep in hospitals; they were on no account to take money for services rendered. He announces dogmatically that they now form a Company, or Brigade, to be called after its Captain, the "Company of Jesus." Hence, later, their nickname, Jesuits; it stuck to them, in spite of popular, University, ecclesiastical, and even Papal reprimands, just as did the Antioch sneer of "Christian " cling to the followers of the Messiah. The model on which, at this period, Ignatius forms himself is quite clear. He

deliberately imitates those paid battalions under their captains - *condottieri* - like Sir John Hawkwood, Saint Catherine's friend, who fought for whomso would hire them in unlucky Italy; or those Free Captains who, under our own Black Prince, so savagely desolated France. Rarely, perhaps, since the "baptism " by early Christianity of pagan rite or feast or temple has the enemy been so frankly pillaged and then Christianized.

And upon all this Christ set indeed His seal. Ignatius, approaching Rome, entered the little chapel of La Storta, and, coming forth, he translated into words what in the chapel he had wordlessly been made conscious of. The chapel had been terrible, and none other than the house of God. God had been there, and His Son, and the Cross; and the eternal Father of men had put Ignatius beside that Son, and Christ had accepted the Saint for servant, and had said, "I will be propitious to you at Rome," in which Ignatius could foresee nought but a promise of much suffering. Many times again he was to find himself at the altar, in that mood in which the Father, finding him, had "placed him with" His Son.

At once Paul welcomes him. In the University of the Sapienza Laynez shall lecture on Scholastic Philosophy, Favre on Scripture. Ignatius, with no illusions as to his gifts, preaches to the people. Suspected of carving out at Rome an ecclesiastical *carriere*, he vows that never will he nor his Company, save for obedience sake, accept Church dignities.

Ignatius calls his men back. They concentrate in Rome; a large house with a tower is given them; Romans join the Company. Famine comes; the sermons yield precedence, for the moment, to material assistance. The Jesuits canalize and administer subscriptions. All Rome learns of their existence. Henceforward they cannot be overlooked. In the midst of

these activities and this blossoming forth into publicity, Ignatius at last persuades himself to say his first Mass, and does so in Sainte Maria Maggiore, alluding to the fact, in the curtest phrase, in a letter. A solemn decision was now asked of the Companions. Were they to coalesce into an organized society - that is, a body of men working together for a common end, under common laws, and dependent upon one government - or should they remain disconnected units, at the direct disposal of the Pope? This latter idea was unanimously rejected. Were they, he next asked, to add the vow of Obedience, as to a Religious Superior, to those already made of Poverty and Chastity? The first evening after prayers they should bring forward arguments against this; the second, those favourable to the vow. Now, this vow would organize these men into nothing more or less than a new religious Order. Just at present, to suggest this seemed madness. So depressed were the old Orders that the Pope had been advised by his Commission of Inquiry that this evil generation should be exterminated by being forbidden to receive novices. It seemed impossible that at such an hour the Pope would allow the formation of a new Order. And a distinct fear was manifested among the Companions themselves that liberty would thus be overmuch curtailed. Still, opposing considerations, some academic and scholastic, some pious and many practical as that thus only could they insure permanence to their undertaken work - decided them to accept the third vow. To it was added a fourth, that of obedience to the Pope, made before the Superior of the Society, thus affirming at once the special readiness of the Company to live and work at the beck of Christ's Vicar, and the interior independent administration of the Society. A life-Superior is to be elected; Constitutions shall be drawn up; Rome shall be their centre. The petition for approbation is presented to Paul III; Cardinal Contarini backs it; Cardinal Guidiccioni opposes it. Months pass; Ignatius prays. Suddenly opposition fails. In 1540 the

Company is approved, being limited in number to sixty. After three years this restriction was withdrawn. Meanwhile Ignatius was unanimously elected General. On April 15, 1541, the Jesuits solemnly made their vows at Saint Paul's-beyond-the-Walls. The Constitutions of the Society were not completed till much later. Temporary regulations were in use meanwhile. With infinite labour of comparison, consultation, prayer over one seemingly small point he prayed forty days, and always laid the written project on the altar while he said his Mass - he reduced to detailed elaboration the vision which, in its unfeathered splendour of ideal, its ambition to join hand in hand the forgetfulness of self and the conversion of the world, he had seen long ago at Manresa. After knowledge of these heavy volumes, Richelieu is quoted as declaring: "Avec des principes si sûrs, des vues si bien dirigées, on gouvernerait un empire égal au monde," and Kings, he proclaimed, would be well advised to study them. Not till 1550 did Ignatius offer a completed version of these Constitutions to general approbation, and then only as material for endless further modification and adaptation.

Arrived at this point, and looking at Ignatius's position as a whole, it is about equally clear that, on the one hand, he was bound to make an Order of his Free Company, and, on the other, that he regretted the necessity. He was witnessing the transition of the free, unfettered and independent to the institutional. He would have preferred that the "interior law of love" the immanent spirit, should have kept his Company at the outside work and in the interior harmony which was his hope for it; but example and reflection and advice all equally impelled him to organize, if only for the sake of present concentration and future stability. The Greeks detested the amorphous, the unlimited; "finish" and "perfection" had for them much the same meaning, and were words formed from an identical root. In their architecture no less than in their philosophy this cult of the

defined is triumphant. On the box-like Parthenon the roof reposes like a lid. The Gothic arch soars, intertwines, and melts into itself, and the spire vanishes into the sky it points to. The Roman lived no less by rule, and the Roman Law survived the collapse of the Empire, and held Europe together, by the aid of the highly legalized Church, against barbaric chaos. Ignatius, a realist Spaniard, was temperamentally alien, despite his emancipated imagination, to all Northern love for the vague, for fused outline, for shrouded horizon; to the mist and fir-forests, and the tender grey-shot colours; to Becoming, as we, with the poet Plato, have it, as opposed to Being. Even the Spanish mystics, John of the Cross, Teresa, live in an uncompromising sphere; their world is clear-cut even where it baffles human map-making; they are great, passionate lovers of the one rather than genuine mystic dreamers, like Gertrude.

Therefore he risked the more readily the incarnation of his spirit in an institution. We badly need a philosophy (historical, of course) of Institutions. The moment a body becomes thus definite, it creates, as is obvious, negation, contrast, conflict even. A circumscribed fact is not, far more than it is, exactly in proportion as the universe surpasses it in magnitude. An unembodied, pervasive soul can steal abroad and become conterminous with all that is; but the organized, enclosed, materialized, can only be its tiny self. The more complete this materialization, the more defiantly "other" it becomes from its environment; in the greater danger it becomes of real alienation from life, sympathy, influence upon its world; of interior solidification, immobility and death. Ignatius, if he reflected on this at all, was encouraged to take the risk by that spirit of faith of which we shall speak later.

After all, he had good consolation in the natural and supernatural orders alike. A man among men must work

through the body as a rule, and not by sheer spiritual telepathy. A hermit may well be a centre of spiritual, radiating force; but vocations to hermitism are few. The Son of God Himself elected to live in a finite body, circumscribed in time and space, alien to this or that generation before and after, unvisiting this country or that, a unit. His Church is so definite and circumscribed a phenomenon that it is a sort of touch stone, and Christians may be divided almost adequately as institutional or unattached, social or individualistic. And the institutional are in the right. Ignatius will have been content with an unconscious acceptance of the institutional Christianity; nor have needed that more philosophical consolation Newman derived, as we do, from the spectacle of living bodies. Certainly a living body is an isolated unit, organized within itself; yet it, too, assimilates and develops, and alters utterly in outward seeming, while preserving, or gaining, its true balance of parts, its specific law, its spiritual identity. Thus from the Palestinian Christian, the Catacomb Christian was how different in seeming and even in outward look; from the Catacombs, how divorced a Chrysostom, a Hildebrand, a Leo X! It is of faith that Christianity does not intrinsically and essentially alter; he would be a bold man, even, who should affirm that the modern Franciscan is illegitimately other than that radiant miracle, Saint Francis: yet the dissimilarity is immense in all but that vital principle which it is the task of some subtler historian than the world mostly gives us to discover. Therefore in all this matter we want that prudent Evaluator who shall reckon up the losses and gains attendant upon the institutionalizing of any force, and especially of a religious force. For completeness sake we must emphasize that in this very act of institutionalizing, Ignatius revealed himself an innovator, a creator, almost a revolutionary. It was an immense thing to conceive the combination of Contemplative and Active lives, though the idea had been hatched before, and even in local and

specified ways realized to some small extent. Nowhere, however, had so vast a scope of activity been envisaged by those pioneers in Ignatius's path. But his audacities were felt, as is usual, at the points where they defied the customary rather than where they launched positively forth into uncharted worlds. When he said his religious were to wear no distinctive habit, he made a sensation equivalent to one suggesting nowadays that an Order of priests were not to wear clerical dress at all. When he announced that his men were not to keep choir, a famous theologian declared that in that case they could not be religious at all; it was felt almost as though a Founder now should claim that the members of his community should live each in his little flat, and have his latch-key (pardon this exaggerated touch). Even within his limits, which *for his day* were astonishingly wide, Ignatius will display in flexibility and adaptability an assimilative quality, a power of action, quite remarkable. We shall see that never will he wish his religious merely to *copy* the past - to ask what Saint Ignatius *did*. They must live and create and behave as he, in the constantly changing circumstances, *would have done*. How far his descendants have been true to his ideal, their history, which we are not writing, may indicate. But that *was* his ideal.

Meanwhile, observe Ignatius at work.

He had captivated Favre, the gentle student, and Xavier, the brilliant and fastidious professor. See him captivating - because half captivated by? - the insupportable, fascinating boy, Pedro di Ribadeneira. Spoilt son of a widow, getting legs broken and ribs bruised by runaway mules and turbulent friends, he was spellbound by the gorgeous Nunciature of Cardinal Farnese, established in Toledo opposite his mother's palace. Farnese, on his side, was enchanted by the self-appointed page-boy. Guiccidioni the austere did more than yield - he suggested that the Nuncio

should bring him back to Rome. To Rome he goes: Court life, gymnastics, fencing, dancing, horsemanship - he takes to it with enthusiasm. Turbulent as ever, he sees (so he fancies) a fellow - page at a function making faces at him. Regardless of Pope and Cardinals, he dashes at him, and beats him about the head with a torch he is holding. Bored with obedience, he hides when bidden by the Cardinal to follow him into the country, and spends the day racketing round Rome. Panic-struck, as the evening falls, he dare not return, and flies to Ignatius, where he passes the night. Next day, Ignatius carries the truant back to the Cardinal, who laughs, and. Napoleon-like, pulls his ear. But meanwhile Ignatius, despite himself, has worked miracles. The fifteen-year-old lad had fallen in love with the grave Father, and Ignatius with him. He shall be a novice. A novice he becomes, keeping his fine dress, refusing to make the *Exercises*. Conquered abruptly by the Saint's prayers, he bursts into tears, and cries: "I will make them! I will make them!" He does so, and therewith (quaint detail) his first Communion. An astounding novitiate follows. He hates getting up when called, and goes to bed in his clothes to save the few minutes dressing needs next morning. He jumps downstairs, bangs doors, makes clouds of dust. The Fathers cannot stand him, petition again and again for his rejection; Ignatius holds firm, now charming to the boy, now snubbing him, always keeping him. Pedro tries hard; he ties strings to his feet to keep himself from running, but limps elaborately behind the limping Ignatius up the church. . . . Asked what a secretary is, he answers: "A person who can keep secrets." "Very well," says Ignatius, " you shall be mine "; and adds enormously to his labour by letting Pedro write his letters, only to correct them thereafter with weary patience. Once he sweeps the childish sheets to the floor. "This foolish boy," he growls, "will never do any good." Pedro weeps, raves, amends his ways; takes it out of Ignatius by correcting the Spanishisms of his Italian when he tries to preach. The Saint

gives up! "Oh, my dear Pedro!" he cries, despairing of good Italian, " what can we do against God?" Pedro makes faces behind the minister's back; puts ink in the holy-water stoup; gets ill, cannot fast, scandalizes thereby the austere. "Who," cries Ignatius angrily, "has a right to be shocked? Let them thank God they are not in the same hard case"; and threatens these Pharisees with downright expulsion, and has his letters read aloud in the refectory. Soon Pedro is sent to Padua for higher studies, thence to Paris; for so fully can this mere boy be trusted that Ignatius does not hesitate to fling him into that whirlpool. . . . Still poorly, Pedro is offered a horse. "He may act as he pleases," says Ignatius, hearing of it; "but if he is a son of mine, he will do as the others do." Already footsore at Viterbo, Pedro halts for the night; but, evening not yet passed, he explores the hospital, invades the church, climbs the pulpit. The sacristan, seeing him, rings the bell. Simplicity? a jest? As you will. Anyhow, a crowd collects, with itching ears. Pedro, terrified, tries to escape: not at all - they came for a sermon, and a sermon they must have. The boy recalls a model Exercise preached in the novitiate refectory, and repeats it. A hardened sinner, converted, begs him to hear his confession . . . Expelled, with other Spaniards, from the French University, they were welcomed by Louvain. But there, exhausted by too much travelling, the boy collapses. Melancholia besets him. He hides himself to weep. He shall return to Rome. At Mainz he meets Favre, who, shocked at his haggard looks, wants to keep and nurse him. No; all he asks is Ignatius. Favre gives him a little cloak, which he sells, later, for a couple of lire; and at last falls fainting at the feet of Ignatius, who was vesting for Mass. He became a very brilliant Latin preacher and Rector of the Roman College. He visited England, and was the friend of Kings. He wrote the *Life* of Saint Ignatius, and had the Saint's portrait painted, and in every conceivable way fulfilled his Father's hopes.

Ignatius was indeed unerring in his touch upon the young. He let fastidious novices keep their fine clothes till spontaneously they changed them; gave them their titles till they petitioned for plain "Brother"; left a rich and treasured crucifix to a lad till, seeing "he had Christ in his heart," he pointed out he no longer need hold Him in his hands. Novitiate scruples he extinguishes sometimes brusquely, as when he orders a Brother, tormented lest he have scamped saying Office till he spends all day over it, to spend one hour exactly, and leave what is over unsaid; or subtly, as when he sends for a wretched novice, tormented by insomnia into meditating flight, and lures him, as in consultation, to prescribe for symptoms which really are his own; or quaintly, as when to a despondent Brother he observes: "Be sure, Brother John, that if I remain in the Society, you will." On the whole, then, he makes himself delightful, reserving charm as his own privilege. "What," said the Roman master-of-novices to a lad whom he was bidden to treat austere, "do you think of Father-General?" "He is a fountain of oil," answered the boy, literary by right of Southern blood. "And of me?" asked the Master, grimly. "You," said he, "are a fountain of vinegar...." Ignatius is said to have chuckled gleefully when he heard of this. Not but what at times he could be terribly severe. He watched long and accurately, and then pounced. Nine, and again ten, he once dismissed *en bloc*, and was noticed to be unusually cheerful after these holocausts. He dismissed a certain Minister of the Professed House at Rome, calling him from his very bed. Nadal, a man of first-rate worth, was reduced to tears by his reproofs administered in full public refectory. Laynez cried in despair: "Lord, what have I done to harm the Society that Il Santo treats me with such severity?" And Polanco, his secretary, his "hands and feet," as he called him, said that for years Ignatius had not spoken to him with special marks of friendship. A novice, having "talked tall" about his determination to be off, finally sent a supercilious message to the General that he

consented to stay the night, and would go next day. "Will he go tomorrow?" thundered the Saint. "That shall not he, for he shall leave the house tonight." And on the hour he went. Ignatius in a rage was deliberate, but dreadful. "The windows shook," we read, "to his terrible voice and heavy fist." He showed imaginative tenderness for the sick; danced (we saw) to the hysterical Ortiz; had Basque songs sung to the Sauls among his men till the black mood went; starved the community that the needs and even the fancies - lampreys, in one case - of the convalescent should be satisfied. He distrusted ecstasies and visions, he liked anger and passion, and when a subordinate flared up under rebuke, saw no great harm; sulks, or pious pretense of docility, he did not tolerate. Sloth he could not stand. A Lay-Brother, to his question, "For whom are you sweeping this corridor?" smugly answered, "For God and His love, your Reverence." "You are doing it badly enough," the Saint crisply answered, "if it were for man; if for God, it is intolerable." He liked to see his young men laugh; he was close friends with that cheerfulest of Saints, Saint Philip Neri, and could not meet the old man in the Roman streets without being buttonholed by him, till, as they said, Saint Philip had left no single button on the cassocks of the Roman Jesuits. In all this his aim was clear and steadily pursued. When he had got his way it was irreversible. "He has driven in the nail," said Cardinal Carli. "It will never be pulled out."

Enough of these unessentials. See Ignatius at a world-wide work. From his desk at Rome he is corresponding with the King of Portugal. Madagascar, India, Ceylon, the Malay Peninsula, Japan, China, pass before his vision. Francis Xavier, the very dearest of his friends, is flung from Europe into that distant world. Of that noble career something is said below. Later, he will ceaselessly urge on the King, whose fits of apostolic ardour were but intermittent; and the

story of his appointment of Broët to help in establishing the Patriarchate of Ethiopia, or Abyssinia, as we say, is entertaining. He lays great stress on Broët's physical health and good looks. Salmeron was still a "beardless boy"; Bobadilla sickly; and Laynez had not much of a presence. Today even it is the Jesuit's business to pray at regular intervals for the foreign missions; still, from Alaska to China, from northernmost Africa to southernmost, the sons of Ignatius have kept true to the tradition he began, pouring forth their blood like water.

It was in 1541 that to Ireland, wilting beneath the furnace-breath of Henry's earliest persecution, Ignatius sent a mission. The blind Archbishop of Armagh, an exile in Rome, got Broët and Salmeron as Nuncios. They reached Ireland by way of Stirling, and in that grey and battered Scottish castle had interviews with James V, faithful to his creed. In thirty-four days they had traversed the whole of harassed Ireland, disguised, in danger every moment of death. Even Scotland, when they were forced to return thither, was yielding to the seducer, and they left for the while those chill shores. Yet the General's eyes strained thither always; he loved Cardinal Pole, and all who in his company yonder had refused to bow the knee to Baal. He flung open his Roman College to English students, and still, once more, his Company is bidden to pray monthly for the missions of the North.

Already in 1540 the Jesuits entered Germany. To the second Diet of Worms, at the request of Charles V, Ortiz went accompanied by Favre. Favre's keen and pure glance went at once to the root of the appalling evil. Not Scripture misinterpreted, not Lutheran conspiracy, but the scandal given by Catholics, was the cause of the apostasy. "Would that in this city of Worms there were at least two or three Churchmen not living openly in sin, or guilty of some notorious crime." But Favre saw deeper still. Even the

Conference of Ratisbon, when summoned, proved futile. Neither Charles nor Francis were sincere; Melanchthon and Contarini each stood firm. Charles's offer of a General Council in Germany was capped by a similar offer from the Pope, who after all alone could fulfil his promise. Favre is swept off to Spain. Bobadilla, by Innsbruck, Vienna, and Nuremberg, ends by rejoining Le Jay at Ratisbon. Success, even mitigated, provokes persecution. The Jesuits are threatened with the Danube. "What matter," they exclaim, "if we enter Heaven by water or by land?" Ingolstadt, Dillingen, Salzburg, hear their preaching, and rivers begin to flow once more across the desert. Catholic still are, at least in part, those utterly lovely towns, romantic, austere, and beautifully German, the standing disproof of the falsehood that Lutheranism is allied essentially with German temperament. Nowhere is Catholicism more alluring than in those ancient Churches of Mainz and Koln, in Bavaria, and in the mysterious Tyrol. The Jesuits never removed the blackening blight of heresy from all that land, but they rolled it back and circumscribed it, so that you still may feel, in the very air, the change from the balmy sunny temper of the Catholic States and towns to the chilled air of unbelief.

Favre now returned, having in Spain fallen in with and captivated Francis of Borgia, who, when Marquis of Lombay, had encountered Ignatius on his way to prison at Alcala. Duke, by now, of Gandia, and Grandee among Grandees of Spain, Viceroy of Catalonia, he saw in the Jesuit Society a support and an ideal. Later he will ask admission into it, will become its true founder in Spain, and will] succeed Ignatius as third General of the Jesuits. After the Duke, Favre quells at Mainz the Cardinal-Archbishop, Albrecht von Brandenburg, the humanist and worldly ecclesiastic; better still, Peter de Hondt, known later as Canisius, from Nimeguen in the Low Countries, an extra ordinary man, whose life is as yet far too little known even among his own spiritual descendants. Koln

was the centre of his first exploits and Favre was able to attend more closely to Louvain.

Paris, however, was the real colonist of Louvain. Thither Ribadeneira went in 1542, and thence the Spaniards were soon enough expelled. Even when politics permitted their return, the national hatred of the Spanish, and above all the educational jealousy of the Sorbonne, initiated against them that campaign of calumny (it included the *Monita Secreta*) which has continued to our day. However, the Company thrived, and by opening the college which ultimately became that of Louis le Grand, made it clear how definitely educational a policy was to be pursued by the Jesuits. Impossible were it to trace in detail the development of the Order in all these countries, and away in Spain, where once more persecution arose, often owing to the mistaken zeal of good men, sometimes to the deliberate rivalry and malice of the bad, or at least of those financially and socially "in possession."

In Italy all the large centres were evangelized - in a manner how different from those old romantic expeditions of the Companions! Padua, Venice, Brescia; to all went Laynez, astounding men with his sensational memory, his accurate argument, and his utterly fascinating address.

In Rome Ignatius was more immediately involved. In the account of the general campaign in Europe you feel him behind his men, organizing, encouraging, leaving wide freedom, yet ever the centre, subconsciously referred to by all at however distant outposts. Heresy had little to say in the centre of Christendom. Ignatius's work was social and spiritual rather than controversial. There is little in our own day that he did not anticipate. In 1543 Saint Martha's, with its guild of pious women, rescues the fallen and anticipates the Good Shepherd. Convert Jews in his time were harder

treated even than many a convert Anglican of today. At least no married parson, whose conversion is often enough unequalled for courage by any deed of battle, was more helpless than he. For this class Ignatius institutes a welcome. Orphanages for boys and girls, and a home for girls in danger, are built, too, by him. Even art. . . . The much-maligned Society, at its birth at least, aimed at the highest it knew of. Our Lady della Strada had become too small. First, tinkering went on; bits (how characteristically!) were added according to need, not design. The grandee soul of Borgia will revolt at this. He determines to rebuild the Church in suitable magnificence. "The most celebrated man now known," Ignatius writes, "Michael Angelo, who is doing Saint Peter's, is undertaking the work" - and gratis, he hoped! The plan fell through; the Gesù was started after the great man's death.

In 1550 Saint Francis Borgia had begun the Roman College, which Ignatius staffed entirely with Professors trained at Paris. All others he utterly refused. Brilliant was its output of solid worth and its history of work. In 1552 the German college completed the tale of his Roman creations, and its lobster-scarlet cassocks are still one of the joys of Rome.

One international sphere of the Saint's influence must still be mentioned, being nothing less than the Council of Trent. In 1546 it was begun, and lasted long. Of course the Jesuits, conscious of their ideal and even vow to accept no dignities, sent no Bishops or Cardinals there. But Laynez and Salmeron were present as Papal theologians; Favre was kept back in Spain; but Canisius from Koln represented the Prince-Bishop Le Jay stood for the Cardinal-Archbishop of Augsburg; Cuvillon came from Belgium, sent by the Duke of Bavaria. Laynez and Salmeron had to be given new cassocks for the sittings; even so, such modesty of demeanour and appearance was unprecedented. So was their method,

insisted on by Ignatius, of extreme deference, solicitude to avoid wounding, quiet, repose, and humble offices in hospitals and churches. After all the two were very young, and above all they were not, Ignatius was never tired of reiterating. ecclesiastical grandees. Throughout the first part of the Council the two delegates had been in close correspondence with Ignatius. Laynez, in the second assembling (the first had been stopped, it is recalled, by outbreak of fever), mentioned that he would quote no author whose works he had not read in their entirety. He quoted thirty-six, his astounding memory enabling him to repeat long passages. One of these authors, by the way, had written twenty-five folios. . . . The Council, bewildered, declared, when he fell sick of an ague, that it would only sit on the days that he felt well. Ignatius suggested Nadal as substitute. Salmeron answered, that two men in health could not do what Laynez did in sickness. There is no need to follow further details in this episode. It has proved how vast already and how powerful was the influence pouring from Ignatius at Rome through Catholic Europe.

These details have been accumulated to give an impression of the powerful and ramifying influence of Ignatius, of his creative work, and of his special role. He not only raised his army, but led it; he not only conceived the glorious ideal, but realized, methodically and painfully, its machinery. And all this quietly, without advertisement, without rhetoric or appeal to sentiment, above all without worldly weapons, without money, coercion, social or ecclesiastical handicaps. Such, too, was the work of Xavier, as we shall see. The spiritual co-efficient in all this was, I believe, very simple. Not that Ignatius's soul was not delicate and sensitive to a degree, not that all manner of subtle psychological threads might not be detected, linking together the various activities of his life, nor that nationality, earlier career, and

temperament did not colour and account for much that was afterwards done, or at least the manner of the doing it.

It is only in its outward influence that I hope here to assign, in a very slight and one-sided manner, that spiritual coefficient.

That it was very simple is, after all, a necessary affirmation. Ignatius was a Spaniard, and as such alien, roughly speaking, to all that was German or Italian. That is, the Reformation and the Renaissance might, and did, force themselves upon his notice, but would not find an echo in his deeper feeling. Presumably what was Teuton must have appeared to him down-right barbarism, while as for Luther's personality, when he had knowledge of it (the miner's son was eight years older than Don Iñigo), it must have affected him with sheer disgust. Yet it had more chance, one would have thought, of awakening sympathy than had Calvin's. True, Calvin possessed a legal mind, and loved codification, and worked by hard logic; but where Calvin was cold and chilling, iron-bound and repressive, "middle-class" by essential nature, and tyrannical with all the ruthlessness of that temperament when by chance it wins out topmost, Ignatius was fervent, dashing, inspiring, even when most true to his love of order, and a man of the people in the truest and most direct sense (and nowhere will you find such absolute good-fellowship between Prince and peasant as in Spain, the land of the Grandees), even while most utterly aristocratic in tendency and action. If you insist on calling Ignatius a democrat, that is legitimate enough if you will call Luther a demagogue. Ignatius, at the very plainest and bluntest of his writings, which is in the *Exercises*, or of his action, which was in his popular sermons and catechisms, retains and almost trades upon his ultimate aloofness, self-discipline, self-respect, that tremendous drilling of the personality which the gentleman - and

especially the Spanish gentleman - regarded as a duty and a birthright. One page of Luther's violent, coarse, comic, and obscene correspondence, or of his vulgar talk, qualities which made enormously for his popularity in a German world, would have revolted Ignatius and shocked him in his most sensitive nerves. With the frosts of Calvin and the turbid self-squandering of Luther, and with the two Reformations which took their colour from each, Ignatius was utterly, therefore, out of soul-sympathy. He registered each as a fact, and hurled a tremendous army against each; but he could only give the general direction and the momentum, and no detailed strategics or tactics were to be expected from him. Here history has been unjust, though now the various myths are evaporating. Luther is taking his proper and rather scandalous place among sixteenth-century personalities; no one ever loved Calvin, I suppose, but even he needed to be shifted from his saintly pedestal. With the awakening of our historical sense to the real quality of these personages has come, more slowly perhaps, our appreciation of how utterly destructive was their work. Of genuine Lutheranism there remains practically nothing. Calvinism has patently lapsed into unbelief. Such religion as survives in the pulpits of either reform is really a re-infiltration of Catholic creed. Trent undoubtedly has reaffirmed and thereby confirmed the old Catholic dogma, and the Vatican is merely its continuation. This, in the series of modern revisions of tradition, is perhaps the latest - namely, that within the world of revealed religion it was undoubtedly Trent which conquered, and, as has well been said, the enduring work was done, not by those who would then have plucked up and torn down, but by those who buttressed and rebuilt and planted, and that the really triumphant name is here not Luther but Laynez. Yet without Ignatius Laynez would have been nothing.

In the same way a Spaniard did not admire Italy, which appeared to him at once scandalous and weak. A weak wicked man is an unpleasant spectacle, and the Spanish nationalities, even when not edifying, were not delicately vicious, sweetly dissolute, and neo-Greek. I imagine that the Renaissance paganism, lovely in Italy with all the iridescence of interior decay, would have been unintelligible frankly to a Spaniard, and disgusting when he was forced to attend to it. However, it is the mark of a clever man, with an eye for business, to detect what has come to stay, and it is clear to us at any rate that the Greek, having come back into the world, had come for good, unless, indeed, that whole world was ultimately to be recast, as some incline to think is even now happening. It is, next, the eye of a keen intuitionist which detects where really is the germ of life in what, mismanaged, breeds so much death. It belongs in fine to a genius who is also humble enough to be a Saint, to detect both these things even when he personally is incapable of coping adequately with the situation. If you can see what is wanted, and equip and inspire others to supply it, it does not matter very much whether you can provide the thing with your own fingers. After all, Wagner played the piano very badly, though he would scarcely believe it, even when Liszt told him so. Ignatius, who had no philosophical brain, and no literary talent whatever, none the less *saw the point* of the Renaissance upheaval, just as he did that of the Reformation, and hurled a second army against the invader. But observe, a different sort of army - an army destined not to destroy, but to capture: not to annihilate, but to assimilate. He saw the germ of life in culture, in Hellenism; he fastened on it, baptized it, Catholicized it, and turned his Order into the greatest educational engine Europe has seen.

The guiding spirit within Ignatius must then have been wide and general in its illumination and its impulse, seeing that he shows no sign in all his life of having been what his birth

infallibly suggests he was not namely, a subtly alert theologian, or a sensitive, artistic, and literary soul. He got his certificates of orthodoxy, and passed decent examinations in ordinary subjects, and that was all.

Perhaps the political state of Europe, and of Spain especially, gives us a little light. In a word, the feudal system was finished with, and the epoch of absolutisms had begun. In Spain especially the Moors and the Jews were done with now, and Cardinal Ximenes willed to unite the old kingdoms of the Peninsula into one Spanish monarchy. It has been said that to one man only in Spain is Ignatius to be fittingly compared - namely, Philip II. To him has been added the name of Cortez. Anyhow, the point is, that absolutism and centralization were the *idées directrices* of that period, and Ignatius was not more than another free from them. The period of marauding expeditions, of Free Company crusading, was quickly over, and only in the duty of his men to hold them selves in complete readiness, as a body, for any and every duty to which they might be turned, was that originally dominant characteristic to survive. One tremendous discipline of dogma, of morals, of ecclesiastical obedience, formed undoubtedly part of the great General's ideal. In every nation he descried a rebellion against the hierarchy, tradition, code - a centrifugal force which he quite well saw would issue (as it has issued when given play) into anarchy. One great army, thinking the same thoughts, cherishing the same instincts, obedient to one word of command, he was prepared to fling against his century and the coming centuries. He flung it, with varying success. It is not our business to relate its fortunes, nor its reappearance in a changed world where there are no more Kings, nor what its fortunes will be, or can be, in our post-revolutionary Europe. If the Society is still to do the work its Founder foresaw, or, better, if, unforeseeing, his genius yet equipped it with a machinery able to work in these utterly new

conditions, how great then, greater indeed than we should have dreamed, was that genius. Or rather, how victorious was that Spirit with which he would be proved to have infused the body he built up. And there is this in favour of survival and continued work that it was to the Spirit Ignatius trusted. If it were not for Spirit, unity becomes uniformity, and in the Society would infallibly be reproduced the series which is discernible in all the great European autocracies, whereby the repression of spontaneous life in the parts has meant the gradual but steady disruption of the whole.

In the Spanish nature is a certain fund of rationalism, and a tremendous tendency to realism. In Ignatius's spiritual life both facts are apparent, separately and conjoined. In the first part of the *Exercises* sheer argument predominates. God exists, and created me. Why? His claim is infinite and absolute, and guaranteed by eternal sanctions. My use of the world I live in becomes wholly an affair of proportion. All sane men will therefore order themselves obediently to God. But even here the Flesh and Blood of Christ nailed to the Cross is upheaved among the syllogisms. In his journeys to Jerusalem, in his "applications of the senses," of which so much of the *Exercises* is composed, Ignatius reveals himself a relentless realist. He invents an elaborate parallel. The King goes out to fight - Christ has His own crusade. How will the Knight, not a recreant, make answer? Two Standards are upreared - the world's and our Lord's. What shall be our offer? Logically once more, rules for choice are laid down. A mixture of rigid reason and enthusiastic élan issue into a tremendous determination to face the world for Christ. The *Exercises* at first were meant to be made but once, or rarely; their constant repetition was a development. They led up to one huge Choice, to be unflinchingly adhered to.

Ignatius saw therefore a very simple series, constituting relationships, to be worked out to their logical consequences

- God, Christ, the soul; other souls, Satan, the world. What do I resolve from this? I will fight myself, and then the world, for God and Christ, and will do so not alone, but with others, therefore under direction, therefore with utter obedience. It is frankly to mystical considerations that he trusts, to insure and give ease to this obedience. Doubtless he gives, rather perfunctorily, the academic arguments on its behalf and aids to its achievement - but the supreme fact to which he trusts is still spiritual, namely, that God, who called the soul to these perceptions, choices, and life, will give it *grace* to be obedient, and will therefore assure not only the spirituality of its obedience, but its relative facility. When, not superstitiously, but in the spirit of faith, you believe that God has called you to a state of life, and directs you therein conformably to its organization, it is not suicide, nor self-crippling, but logical and decent, and in fine joyous to put yourself sincerely and wholly into His hands even in detail, and so go forward.

Such was the spiritual impulse which should issue, Ignatius hoped, into the genuine Jesuit.

On the Roll of Honour

"Thee, God, I come from, to Thee go:
All day long I like fountain flow
From Thy Hand out, swayed about,
Mote-like, in Thy mighty glow"
- *G. Hopkins*

We have been led to recognize that Ignatius viewed the world in a way peculiar, largely, to himself, and unlike the majority at any rate of his fellow-men, because in all things he introduced the thought of God. To every question man can ask concerning the world and his place in it he would have an answer ready to his thought and lips in which that Name was included. All his views upon events, from those of international down to those of merely domestic or even personal importance, were taken from a centre-point which was none other than His Majesty, as he loved to say, God, namely "our Creator and Lord." And because his life was throbbing with outward energy, he wished not alone to submit to Providence, to accept what was "sent" him, but he desired to give himself and his men "wholly unto labour," to do work for God, and with God's help.

Accustomed as we may be to consider Carlyle's judgments upon men for the most part entirely wrong, that he should have landed upon the exact opposite of this verdict on Ignatius would be enough to show that the very sources of his appreciation were poisoned, and that the light within him, whereby he guided his thought and pen, was darkness. That a Macaulay and most others should have recognized, and generously, the superb natural honesty, self-forgetfulness, devotion, and success of Ignatius and his first Companions, but have missed wholly their springs of

conduct and ambition, is less, if at all, surprising. In our country the whole notion of an interior super natural life, in the Catholic sense, has vanished. At best these writers would see, when "God" is in a man's life, a new motive-idea, which makes him do other things than do his fellows; but that the whole interior essential life of the man has been raised to a supernatural condition is what would never reach their realization. I need scarcely say that though visions and the like will be referred to, those experiences (however they may have to be defined by theologians) are not the cause, nor the essence, but the accidental concomitants of supernatural sanctity. Ignatius took them at best as God's approval of his plans or actions. The Catholic accepts on faith the fact of this supernatural union of his soul with God; he scarcely hopes for greater success in explaining his belief to another than one would who should attempt to describe the fact of life to the inanimate, for not even to himself can a living man adequately describe the immediate intuition which tells him he is alive, and, as I said, normally the Catholic must believe in his own supernatural life, not because he feels it, but because he is assured of it by the supreme Authority to which he bows.

In Ignatius that inmost life became always more and more conterminous with his whole conscious being. At first its invasions into his awareness were troubling and violent, and issued into amazing irregularities of effort and even of idea. Thus, when it pushed him towards self-sacrifice, he embarked upon a series of penitential actions, in doing which, as he tells us frankly, his whole pleasure lay in the fact that he was "going one better" than the Saints he read of. Yet just that was the response God first willed from him - courageous, unintelligent imitation, or even rivalry. He taught him "as a schoolmaster teaches a little boy," and led him from the crude action ever towards the purer and more spiritual. So, too, at first he could not pray, or rather

"meditate," as he called the spontaneous reactions of the soul to the touch of God. When he felt he ought to respond somehow to the summoning Voice, whose language still seemed meaningless, he would read the correct prayer, or the dramatic, challenging Passion story, in a book. When he felt it his duty to make some explicit acknowledgment of the supreme mysteries of faith, such as the Trinity, he laboriously prayed first to each Person separately, then to all Three together. Suddenly into his brain swam the image of three spinet keys (joined at the root, as it were), or a three-toothed comb. To this vulgar symbol responded a whole spiritual up heaval and a gigantic joy. The material co-efficient was ever less and less necessary to his spiritual perception. At no time did he see our Lord or our Lady in human form, even when it was on the human person that his thought was resting. From a vague and formless phantasm - a white irradiating centre, a downward light: anything was enough to start, as it were, the psychic series - he passed almost directly to the immediate intuition of the Truth. The artist or musician or poet will at once understand this possibility. To them even the "meanest" flower that blows can give the thoughts that lie too deep for tears, and, indeed, the joys that are too deep even for thought itself. A wood-violet is as potent as the rose or honeysuckle. And if it be said that still is it the inexpressible beauty of line and texture, of tint or subtle fragrance, which in the flower makes the heart of the worshipper feel ready to break, the musician will tell you that at times the clumsiest suggestion of the true music, the most awkward of amateur fumbling, is enough to send the soul, drunken with delight, singing among the stars. And the poet will find whole worlds of truth and beauty "often flowering in a lonely word." A little like this Ignatius would suddenly be made conscious by the help of some trivial materialism of spiritual real forces masterfully remodelling his substantial soul. The singularly halting words in which he expresses himself are like the

spontaneous out cries of the astonished artist or lover (for love is at the bottom of all this) at the sight of that with which he hungers for union, or finds himself mysteriously in union. Just as to the very responsive soul, a single word - cyclamen, iris, Sicily; Phaedra, Helen, Isolde; "grace," "spirit," "life" - is enough to originate a whole tempest of desire, a whole benediction of embrace, so will it respond preferably by solitary cries, detached exclamations, even inarticulate sighs and yearnings, like Joseph of Cupertino, or Francis himself. Till the end Ignatius's way of describing his experiences remained naïve, partly because he was quite spontaneous and wrote for no other eye, partly because he would not spend labour to express the inexpressible, and partly because when he did so labour, his words have the stilted foolishness which all jargon, legal, philosophical, artistic, has for the layman. Thus he wrote, alluding to himself now in the first, now in the third person.

"During my usual prayer, though there was not much at first, after the second half, his soul felt great devotion, and was exceedingly consoled; it saw also a certain object, and a form of very bright light. While they were making the altar ready, Jesus presented Himself to his mind, and invited me to follow Him, for I am quite convinced that He is the head and guide of the Society. This idea disposed my mind to fervour and to tears, but also to perseverance. I had no other consolations. The Holy Trinity itself seemed to confirm my decision, as the Son communicated Himself thus to me, for I recalled to mind the time when the Father deigned to place me with His Son. This lasted the whole time and even after Mass, and throughout the day. Whenever I thought of Jesus, this loving feeling and this fixed purpose returned to my mind."

Knowing that Ignatius was thus constantly in touch with God, and that he had the habit of noting down what he

experienced, Nadal determined to ask him to tell him about it. One day, in 1551, Ignatius, talking to Nadal, suddenly broke off, and said: "And but an instant ago I was higher than heaven!" It was the moment when the "bright cloud" vanished. Transfiguration time was now over, and he had been left with the customary "Jesus only," hidden inside his heart. Nadal tried to allude to this, but Ignatius changed the subject. Nadal insisted. "Tell us at least about your conversion." The Saint said, most humanly, that he had too many other things to think about. Still he asked Nadal, Polanco, and a third to say three Masses to find out if really it were desirable. "We shall all think," he answered, "what we think now." "Do what I tell you," said the Saint, very gently. They did so, they made the expected answer, and Ignatius agreed. Next year Nadal asked him if he had done anything. "Nothing." In 1553 he made a beginning, but let it drop for another year. In 1554 Nadal attacked him again with some energy, and Ignatius yielded, choosing Gonzalez for amanuensis. Ignatius had already told Gonzalez he would do this in, as I said, 1553, in August, adding he hoped to live another three or four months to finish the affair. Still he did nothing, only telling Gonzalez he was to remind him of it daily. Then the daily reminder was to occur each Sunday only. However, Ignatius began, Gonzalez took notes, and Nadal, on his return, joined his entreaties, and so, with endless interruptions, delays, and reluctance, the story was carried forward.

In the unique and priceless document into which these conversations issued - called the *Testament of Saint Ignatius*, and prized (as first-hand evidence concerning their Founder) beyond any mere biography by his followers - we can read an account of the Saint from his youth to the earlier years of the Jesuits' residence in Rome. It then breaks off abruptly with the words: "And now Master Natalis can tell you the rest." Gonzalez, unconscionably curious,

asked all sorts of questions about the first writing of the Exercises, which was very gradual, and consisted in noting down for future use anything which each several experience suggested as likely to prove serviceable. He also inquired about the making of the Constitutions, and Ignatius, sending for Gonzalez before supper, was found by him in a condition bordering upon ecstasy. In this state he made a most solemn protestation that in what he had said he had exaggerated nothing (as indeed from its frequent flashes of dry humour, and above all from its relentless inclusion of commonplace and bathos, we well might guess), that since he had begun to serve God he had never consented to grievous sin, that his facility in "finding God" had increased throughout his life, and that now he could "find God" as often and whenever he would.

Gonzalez asked Ignatius to lend him his spiritual notes, but the Saint refused, and afterwards burnt them nearly all.

Were we to ask ourselves in what this intense preoccupation with God, present in his soul, showed itself most convincingly an affair, not of human choice or effort merely, but of continued response to a Divine touch or appeal, we might perhaps find an answer in its permanence. In the romantic *mise en scène* of Manresa, in a mental atmosphere of violent other-worldliness, and in the all but inevitable disturbances of equilibrium due to solitude, savage penances, and riveting of the attention on a single subject, it were not astonishing if the converted soldier had filled himself with the obsession of God. But that despite his progressive abandonment of all the more startling of his exterior aids he should have remained absolutely true to the interior summons, speaks loudly for its independent and imperative nature. He had to return to a percentage of his old life, but no more, and never to its ideals and motives. He had to leave to one side mortifications, and yet be mortified;

to resume the decencies of respectability, yet not be tamed nor mediocre; to be worldly-wise and make friends with culture, yet never become worldly; to "walk with crowds nor lose his virtue, and talk with Kings nor lose the common touch"; to "fill the unforgiving minute with sixty seconds worth of distance run," yet never be dazzled by the success of what he did, nor even flustered by the multiplicity of his business, never dismayed by inevitable failures. In fact, throughout it all, in a life which was one long distraction, in the stress of European persecution and the huge temptation of European flattery, he yet experienced it to be easier and easier to "find God," and again and again perceived that God "placed him with" his Son. In these two perceptions is to be diagnosed a great intensity and depth of mystical life.

Vast things were proceeding in the soul of this quiet man, whom you would have met any day in the streets of Rome and passed with out a glance. He walked with a stick, slowly, limping a little, and was dressed in a plain cassock, with a voluminous black, high-collared cloak. His big sombrero flapped over his face, and his head being bent for the most part slightly forward, he would not have been the first to see you. His companion, Ribadaneira, as a rule, while he was in Rome, would have recognized you and called Father Ignatius's attention to you. Ignatius's manner was the perfection of grave Spanish courtesy, and many an old priest and aristocrat shared it. It was his smile and his rare upward glance, when his eyes met yours (Ignatius was not tall), which transfigured him. His forehead was very broad and massive, and the eyes, to my thinking, rather wide apart, but, given the breadth of forehead, not disquietingly so. More than once it has been noticed how like, for delicacy and refinement of chin, he is to the statues of Augustus. That is so, and the parallel can be pursued. Both had a certain drawn look about the eyes, and between the eyes and nose - a tired and rather disillusioned look in the

Emperor, but in the Saint just a world-weariness amply compensated by the heavenly vision which gives so sweet a serenity to his countenance. The lips of both are subtle and closely pressed, but in Augustus they are cold and merciless; in Ignatius their very force speaks of a self-conquest which indicates no cruelty. The nose in Ignatius is extraordinarily sensitive and aquiline; in Augustus, as life advanced, it thickened. But the man who created the Roman Empire went in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day, and got himself adored, when so it served, for God. Ignatius fasted, and wore threadbare clothes, and his face was worn spiritual by the tireless file of prayer. And again, the Caesar's face was set in the ruthless chill of one who fulfills a harsh and mighty destiny, disbelieving (to be truthful) in anything beyond himself, and even in himself. Ignatius, disbelieving in his lonely self, indeed, yet knew and affirmed that through him God was acting, and from this Father and Captain of his soul he received not only power but peace.

Thus, then, the end found him.

In 1554 his health broke. Reluctantly he accepted an assistant, Nadal. He recovered, but was still weak, and transacted business lying down. He definitely grew worse in the summer of 1556, and made over the management of the Society to a board of three. He left the suffocating city for the Jesuit country-house, built not a year ago. The move was thought rash - damp walls would be dangerous for him, and in fact so much worse he grew that he returned to a city in terror of Alva at its gates. In the Professed House, whither he went, a few (one, Laynez) were considered sick to death. Ignatius was thought a little feverish - or not even that, just weak. On Wednesday, July 29, he asked, however, that the doctor, calling to see the others, might visit him too, having confessed and communicated the day before. On Thursday evening he sent for Polanco, told him he was dying, and that

he must inform the Pope, and get his blessing for himself and another Father. Polanco expressed himself incredulous. The doctors did not think him in any danger. God would spare him for many a long year. . . . "No," said Ignatius; he was dying. Polanco could not believe him; he had letters to write to foreign parts. Could he not leave the message till tomorrow? No, Ignatius preferred this evening to tomorrow, and the sooner, in fact, the better. Still he left himself entirely in Polanco's hands. Polanco knew best. . . . Polanco consulted the doctor, who refused to pronounce that night; next day he would give an opinion on Ignatius's condition. Ignatius accepted this decision; he ate with a good appetite at supper. Polanco went to write his letters with an easy conscience. The night closed in, and the Saint was no otherwise than as usual, and talked till midnight. He called the infirmarian, who slept in the next room, less often than of wont, and after midnight his restlessness grew quiet.

You still can visit that little room, where the old worm-eaten wood of door and window-frames shows pathetically against the decorated walls, and can go out upon the balcony where the old man used to stand to watch the stars, as so long ago he had from that earlier sick chamber at Loyola. How sordid earth had seemed to him when he had had stars to look at! In each room he died to an old life. Many Saints have since done worship in this humble little chamber of the Gesù; it has grown sacred by their coming and going, and by the oblation there of the imperishable Mass. Dear, though, is it before all else, for the hours of that uncomraded night of dying, when one Saint, all alone, made his supreme sacrifice to God. Long ago he had said that but few minutes would be needed by him for full restoration of serenity were the Pope to bid him dissolve his Company. Now he had these hours of this one night in which to listen to the final call of renunciation. The soldier's life, the lover's life, had long ago been done with; the life of travel, of wide-eyed

apostolate across Europe, was finished with, too, long since. Now it was to the *Exercises* and the Constitutions, to the brethren who had replaced those first and dearest Companions, to the destined successors who should, as far as might be, understand him and carry on his work, to all that work and the Company itself, that he was being schooled to say his unheard farewell. One sound alone was caught by the dozing lay-brother during the night, the voice of Ignatius repeating the lonely words: "O GOD, GOD!"

At that moment nothing short of the Ultimate, Infinite, and Eternal could be of service to the man who was leaving the shadows and the symbols.

The dawn came; some attendants and two doctors arrived. Ignatius looked cheerful and well. Two eggs were to be beaten up for him. A priest entered while the Brother was busy over this, and lo, in the brief interspace the great change had come. There was an outcry. The Brother dropped the glass, and rushed for a confessor. They shouted for Polanco, who hurried to the Vatican. But in a great silence, without confessor or Sacraments or Papal blessing, Ignatius died.

Thus have we dared, from our manifold and terrible distance, to speak of Ignatius's life, and even of his soul; from our grey and modern England to try to catch the expression of that Spanish face, two worlds away from us, and lit almost, as it seems, by a different sun than ours. Thus we, with half his years to our score, have discussed this wise old priest, and in our times of tamed audacities, unhazardous ideal, and cult of the commonplace, the prudent and the profitable, we have bestowed upon this imperial man the tribute of our admiration. Not from conceit, God knows, nor with the patronage of critics. It has been something at least to sit in the glow of his strong sun-like

life, hopeful that the dust we have tossed up may serve at least to make his pure beams in which it dances seem more golden and more living to our gaze.

About This EBook

The text of the ebook is taken from the book *In God's Army*, by Father Cyril Charles Martindale, S.J. The edition used was published in London, England in 1915.

It has the Imprimatur of Father Edmund Surmont, Vicar-General, Archdiocese of Westminster, 28 February 1915.

The cover image is a statue of Saint Ignatius of Loyola on Chiesa del Gesù, Frascati, Italy, date and artist unknown. It was photographed on 19 April 2015 by Livioandronico2013, and the original is on [Wikimedia Commons](#).

For more free ebooks, other material by or about Saint Ignatius, or thousands of other saints, beati, venerables, servants of God, devotions, or the history of the Church, come see us at -

[CatholicSaints.Info](#)

** or **

[CatholicSaints.Mobi](#)

